

This is as't should be, let me see the County:

I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither.

Now afore God, this reueren'd holy Frier,

All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.

*Nur.* Nurse will you goe with me into my Closet,

To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,

As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

*Mo.* No not till Thursday, there's time inough.

*Fa.* Go Nurse, go with her,

Weele to Church to morrow.

*Exeunt Inliet and Nurse.*

*Mo.* We shall be short in our prouision,

'Tis now neere night.

*Fa.* Tush, I will stirre about,

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:

Gothou to *Inliet*, helpe to decke vp her,

He not to bed to night, let me alone:

He play the hufwife for this once, What ho?

They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe

To Countie *Paris*, to prepare him vp

Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,

Since this same way-ward Gyle is so reclaim'd.

*Exeunt Father and Mother.*

*Enter Inliet and Nurse.*

*Inl.* I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse

I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:

For I haue need of many Orysons,

To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,

Which well thou know'st, is crosse and full of sin.

*Enter Mother.*

*Mo.* What are you busie ho? need you my help?

*Inl.* No Madam, we haue cul'd such necessaries

As are behoouefull for our state to morrow:

So please you, let me now be left alone;

And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,

For I am sure, you haue your hands full all,

In this so sudden businesse.

*Mo.* Goodnight.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

*Inl.* Farewell:

God knowes when we shall meete againe.

I haue a faine cold seare thrills through my veines,

That almost freezes vp the heate of fire:

He call them backe againe to comfort me.

Nurse, what should she do here?

My dismall Seene, I needs must act alone:

Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?

Shall I be married then to morrow morning?

No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,

What if it be a poyson which the Frier

Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,

Least in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to *Romeo*?

I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,

For he hath still benee tried a holy man.

How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,

I wake before the time that *Romeo*

Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point:

Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?

To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,

And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.

Or if I liue, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones

Of all my buried Ancestors are packt,

Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but greene in earth,

Lies festring in his shrow'd, where as they say,

At some houres in the night, Spirits resort:

Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,

That liuing mortalls hearing them, run mad.

O if I walke, shall I not be distraught,

Inuironed with all these hideous feares,

And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?

And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrow'd?

And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,

As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines.

O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,

Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body

Vpon my Rapiers point: stay *Tybalt*, stay;

*Romeo*, *Romeo*, *Romeo*, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

*Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.*

*Lady.* Hold,

Take these keies, and fetch more spices Nurse.

*Nur.* They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.

*Enter old Capulet.*

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir,

The second Cocke hath Crow'd,

The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:

Looke to the bakte meates; good *Angelica*,

Spare not for cost.

*Nur.* Go you Cot-queane, go,

Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow

For this nights watching.

*Cap.* No not a whit: what? I haue watcht ere now

All night for lesse cause, and nere benee sicke.

*La.* I you haue bin a Mouse-hunt in your time,

But I will watch you from such watching now.

*Exit Lady and Nurse.*

*Cap.* A iecalous hood, a iecalous hood,

Now fellow, what there?

*Enter three or foure with spits, and logs, and baskets.*

*Fel.* Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.

*Cap.* Make hast, make hast, sirrah, fetch drier Logs.

Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

*Fel.* I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,

And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.

*Cap.* Masse and well said, a merrie horsen, ha,

Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day.

*Play Musick.*

The Countie will be here with Musicke straight,

For so he said he would, I heare him neere,

Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I say?

*Enter Nurse.*

Go waken *Inliet*, go and trim her vp,

He go and chat with *Paris*: hic, make hast,

Make hast, the Bridegroome, he is come already:

Make hast I say.

*Nur.* Mistris, what Mistris? *Inliet*? Fast I warrant her she.

Why Lambe, why Lady? sic you sluggabed,

Why Loue I say? Madam, sweet heart: why Bride?

What not a word? You take your peniworths now.

Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant

The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,

That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me:

Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe?

I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,

I let the Countie take you in your bed,

Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be?

What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?

I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?

Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,

Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,

Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady?

*Mo.* What noise is heere?

*Enter Mother.*

*Nur.* O lamentable day.

*Mo.* What is the matter?

*Nur.* Looke, looke, oh heauie day.

*Mo.* O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:

Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

*Enter Father.*

*Fa.* For shame bring *Inliet* forth, her Lord is come.

*Nur.* Shee's dead: decaist, shee's dead: alacke the day.

*M.* Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.

*Fa.* Ha? Let me see her: out alas shee's cold,

Her blood is fetled and her ioynts are stiff:

Life and these lips haue long bene separated:

Death lies on her like an vncimely frost

Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*Nur.* O Lamentable day!

*Mo.* O wofull time.

*Fa.* Death that hath tane her hence to make me waille,

Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.

*Enter Frier and the Countie.*

*Fri.* Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

*Fa.* Ready to go, but neuer to returne.

O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,

Hath death laine with thy wife: there she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,

My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,

And leaue him all life liuing, all is deathis.

*Pa.* Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,

And doth it giue me such a fight as this?

*Mo.* Accur'd, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,

Most miserable houre, that ere time saw

In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage.

But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child,

But one thing to reioyce and solace in,

And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

*Nur.* O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,

Most lamentable day, most wofull day,

That euer, euer, I did yet behold.

O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,

Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this:

O wofull day, O wofull day.

*Pa.* Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, laine,

Most detestable death by thee beguild,

By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne:

O loue, O life, not life, but lone in death.

*Fa.* Despis'd, distressed, hated, martir'd, kill'd,

Vncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now?

To murther, murther our solemnitie?

O Child, O Child; my soule, and not my Child,

Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,

And with my Child, my ioyes are buried.

*Fri.* Peace be for shame, confusions: Care, liues not

In these confusions, heauen and your selfe

Had part in this faire Maid; now heauen hath all,

And all the better is it for the Maid:

Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,